

The Historie of

Prince Well, here is my leg.

Falst. And here is my speech, stand aside Nobilitie.

Ho. O Iesu, this is excellent sport, yfaith.

Falst. Weepe not, sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Falst. For Gods sake Lords, conuey my trustfull Queene,
For teares doe stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as
euer I see.

Falst. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine.

Harry, I do not only maruell, where thou spendest thy time:
but also, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammion
the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: yet youth, the more
it is wasted, the sooner it weares: thou art my sonne, I haue partly
thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villainous
tricke of thine eie, and a foolish hanging of thy neather lip, that
doth warrant me. If then thou be sonne to mee, heere lieth the
point: why, being sonne to me, arte thou so pointed at? Shall the
blessed sonne of heauen prouue a micher, and eate blacke-ber-
ries? a question not to be askt. Shall the sonne of *England* proue
a thiefe, and take purses? a question to be askt. There is a thing,
Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is knowne to many
in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as antient writers
doe reporte) dooth defile: so dooth the company thou keepest:
for *Harry*, now I do not speake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not
in pleasure, but in passion; not in words onely, but in woes also:
and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy
company, but I know not his name.

Prince What manner of man, and is like your Maiestie?

Falst. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheer-
full look, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I think,
his age some fifty, or birlady, inclining to three score, and now I
remember me, his name is *Falstafle*: if that man should be lewd-
ly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I see vertue in his looks: if
then the tree may be knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree,
then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that *Falstafle*,
him keepe with, the rest banish: and tel me now, thou naughtie
valet, tell me, where hast thou bin this month?

Henrie the fourth.

Prince Dost thou speake like a king? do thou sta
and ile play my father.

Falst. Depose me; if thou dost it halfe so graue-
ly both in worde and matter, hang mee vp by the
rabbit sucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prince Well, heere I am set.

Falst. And here I stand, iudge, my masters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Falst. My noble Lord, from Eastcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grie

Falst. Zblood my Lord, they are false: nay, ile tic
yong *Prince* I faith.

Prince Swarest thou, vngracious boy? henceforth
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace,
uell haunts thee, in the likenesse of an old fat man, a
is thy companion: why dost thou conuerse with the
humours, that boulding hutch of beastlinesse, that sw
of dropies, that huge bombard of sacke, that stuff cl
guts, that roasted Manningtree Oxe with the puddin
ly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquitie, that father
vanitie in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taste sac
it? wherein neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & ea
in cunning, but in craft? wherein craftie, but in villa
villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in r

Falst. I would your grace would take mee with
meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable misleader of
stallfe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince I know thou dost.

Falst. But to say, I know more harme in him ther
were to say more then I know: that hee is olde, the n
tie, his white haire doe witnesse it: but that he is, fau
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterly deny: if sacke
a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merr
thē many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be
hated, thē Pharaos leane kine are to be loued. No, m
banish Peto, banish Bardol, banish Paines, but fo